



Ho! for CAROLINA

Published for
North Carolina Congress
of
Parents and Teachers

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Dona Nobis Pacem

CANON FOR EQUAL VOICES

Source Unknown

PART I

Do-na no-bis pa-cem pa-cem

PART II

Do - na no - bis pa-cem

PART III

Do - na no - bis pa-cem

Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

Hold High the Torch

LB 1822

Miriam R. Elliott
Adapted

Eugenia T. Davenport

Music for the first system, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Music for the second system, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics begin with "Oh, P. T. A., thy pa-tience, truth and ar-dor".

Music for the third system, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics continue with "Oh, children, Heav-en's gift! Be this our du-ty: Oh, churches, homes and schools! God grant that nev-er".

Music for the fourth system, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics continue with "Stand read-y as the found-ers did of yore To To pledge our hearts and hands and minds to-day To A - bove you Freedom's glorious flag be furled! But".

Music for the fifth system, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics continue with "la - bor val-iант - ly — for - ev - er hard - er — For leave to you a her - it - age of beau - ty And 'neath this wide-flung ban - ner may we ev - er Hold".

chil-dren's needs from high - land to the shore.
right - eous - ness to bless your lives al - way.
high the torch that lights our children's world.

Ho! For Carolina

Dr. Wm. B. Harrell

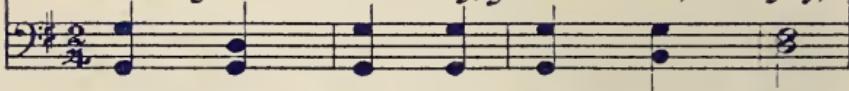
Moderato

Mrs. W. B. Harrell

Adapted



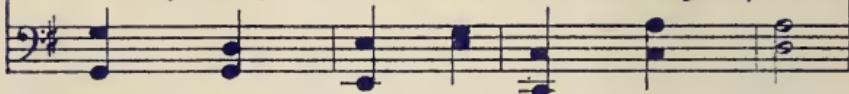
Let no heart in sor - row weep for oth - er days,
 Down in Car - o - li - na grows the loft - y pine,
 Come to Car - o - li - na in the sum - mer time,
 All her girls are charm-ing, grace - ful too, and gay,



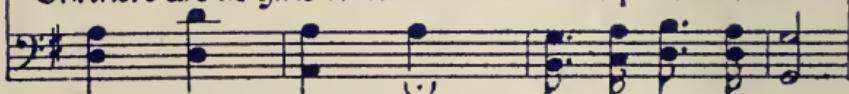
Let no i - dle dream-ers tell in melt-ing lays,
 And her groves and for - ests bear the scent-ed vine,
 When the luscious fruits are hang-ing in their prime,
 Hap - py as the blue - birds in the month of May;



Of the mer - ry meet - ing in the ros - y bow'rs,
 Here are peace - ful homes, too, nest - ling'mid the flow'rs,
 And the maid - ens sing - ing in the leaf - y bow'rs,
 And they steal your hearts, too, by their mag - ic pow'rs,



For there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.
 Oh! there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.
 Oh! there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.
 Oh! there are no girls on earth that can com - pare with ours.



Ho! For Carolina — *continued*

CHORUS

Ho! for Car-o-li-na, that's the land for me,

In her hap-py bor-ders roam the brave and free,

And her bright-eyed daugh-ters—none can fair-er be;

Oh! it is the land of love and sweet Lib-er-ty.

Kookaburra.

M. Sinclair

Australian Round

Koo-ka-bur-ra sits on an old gum tree, Mer-ry, mer-ry king of the

bush is he, Laugh,koo-ka-bur-ra,laugh,koo-ka-bur-ra,Gay your life must be.

From *YOURS FOR A SONG*, by permission Janet E. Tobitt

The Old North State

William Gaston

Traditional Air, 1928
Arr. by Mrs. E. E. Randolph

Car - o - li - na! Car - o - li - na! heav-en's bless - ings
 Tho' she en - vies not oth - ers, their mer - it -
 Then let all those who love us, love the land that

at - tend her, While we live we will cher - ish, pro -
 ed glo - ry, Say whose name stands the fore - most, in -
 we live in, As hap - py a re - gion as on

tect and de - fend her; Tho' the scorn - er may sneer at and
 lib - er - ty's sto - ry, Tho' too true to her - self e'er to
 this side of heav - en, While plen - ty and peace, love and

wit - lings de - fame her, Still our hearts swell with -
 crouch to op - pres - sion, Who can yield to just -
 joy smile be - fore us, Raise a - loud, raise to -

CHORUS

glad - ness when - ev - er we name her.
 rule a more loy - al sub - mis - sion. Hur - rah!
 geth - er the heart thrilling cho - rus.

The Old North State - *continued*

Hur-rah! the Old North State for-ev - er,

Hur-rah! Hur-rah! the good Old North State.

Alouette

French-Canadian

A - lou - et - te, gen - tille A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te,

je te plu - me - rai. 1. JE TE PLU - ME - RAI LA TÊTE,

ALL LEADER ALL D.C.

Je te plu - me - rai la tête; ET LA TÊTE, Et la tête, Oh,-

2. Le bec 4. Le dos 6. Le cou
3. Le nez 5. Les pattes

Where Is John

Where is John? The old gray hen has left her pen; Oh, where is

John? The cows are in the corn a-gain, Oh, John! _____

Star Spangled Banner

1.O—say can you see,— by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
 2.O—thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-

proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad
 tween their loved homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight. O'er the ramparts we
 vic-tr-y and peace, may the heav'n res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath

watched, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing. And the rock-et's red
 made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we

glare, the bombs burst-ing in air Gave proof thro' the night that our
 must when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In

CHORUS

flag was still there. O say, does that Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet—
 God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in tri-umph shall

broaden

wave O'er the land— of the free and the home of the brav'l
 wave O'er the land— of the free and the home of the brav'l

America

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring thru all the trees,
 Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
 Fa - ther of ev - 'ry race, Giv - er of ev - 'ry Grace,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died,
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake,
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright
 Hear us, we pray! Let ev - 'ry land be free;

Land of the Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry
 Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with
 Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their
 With free - dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us
 May all men broth - ers be, All na - tions

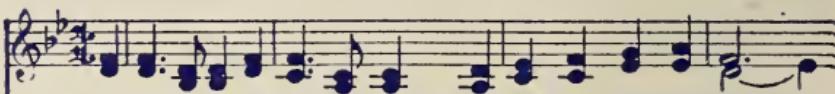
moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring.
 rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 by Thy might, Great God, our King.
 hon - or Thee Now and for aye. A - men.

Last stanza by Dr. Herman H. Horne

America the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates

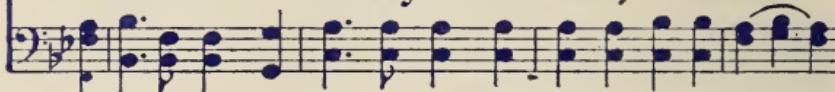
Samuel A. Ward



1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-a-ting strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees beyond the years



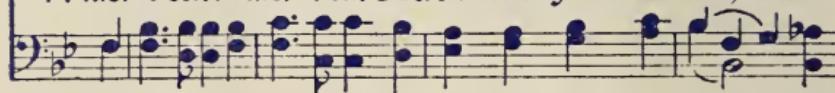
For pur-ples moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain.
 A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness.
 Who more than self their Coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life.
 Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dim'd by hu-man tears.



A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev'-ry flaw, Con-

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine, Till

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And



crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
 firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
 all suc-cess be no-ble-ness And ev'-ry gain di-vine.
 crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!



Song of Peace

FINLANDIA

Lloyd Stone

Jean Sibelius

This is my song, O God of all the na-tions, A song of
My coun-try's skies are blu-er than the o-cean, And sun-light

peace for lands a-far and mine; This is my home, the
beams on clo-ver-leaf and pine. But oth-er lands have

coun-try where my heart is, Here are my hopes, my
sun-light, too, and clo-ver, And skies are ev-ry-

dreams, my ho-ly shrine; But oth-er hearts in oth-er lands are
where as blue as mine. Oh, hear my song, thou God of all the

beat-ing With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.
na-tions, A song of peace for their land and for mine.

Dear Lord and Father

REST OR WHITTIER

John G. Whittier, 1872

Frederick C. Maker, 1887

Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For-give our fev'-ish
ways! Re-clothe us in our right-ful mind, In pur-er lives Thy
ser-vice find, In deep-er rev'-rence, praise. A-men.

2. In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word.
Rise up and follow Thee.
3. O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love.
4. Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.
5. Breathe through the heats of our desire,
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm.

John G. Whittier, 1872

For the Beauty of the Earth

Dix

F. S. Pierpont, 1864

Arr. from
Conrad Cocher, 1838

For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty
 For the won-der of each hour; Of the day and
 For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er; sis-ter;
 For Thy Church that ev-er-more Lift- eth ho-ly

of the skies; For the love which from our birth
 of the night, Hill and vale and tree and flower,
 par-ent, child; Friends on earth, and friends a-bove;
 hands a-bove, Off-'ring up on ev -'ry shore

O - ver and a-round us lies, Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 Sun and moon and stars of light;
 For all gen-tle thoughts and mild,
 Her pure sac-ri-fice of love;

This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-men.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Tune: ST. CATHERINE

1. Faith of our fathers! Living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.
2. Faith of our fathers! We will strive
To win all nations unto thee,
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then be truly free.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.
3. Faith of our fathers! We will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life;
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Frederick W. Faber

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

4/4

Key F

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

2

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forevermore,
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

G. Clifton Bingham

O Master Let Me Walk

MARYTON

Washington Gladden

Henry P. Smith

O Master, let me walk with Thee In lowly paths of

ser-vise free; Tell me Thy se-cret, help me

bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

2

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee,
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

All Thru the Night

Oelrig Hughes

Arr. by A.D.Z. Welsh

Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee
While the moon her watch is keep-ing All thru the

night; Guar-dian an-gels God will send thee
While the wear-y world is sleep-ing

All thru the night. Soft the drow-sy hours are
O'er thy spir-it gent-ly

creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing, I my
steal-ing, Vis-ions of de-light re-veal-ing, Breathes a

lov-ing vig-il keep-ing pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All thru the night.

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Negro Spiritual

mp SOLO

mf CHORUS

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-in'for to car-ry me home!

Solo

CHORUS

Fine

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-in'for to car-ry me home.

f SOLO

I looked o-ver dor-dan, an' what did I see,
If you get there be - fore I do,
I'm some-times up an' some-times down,

ff CHORUS

mf SOLO

A band of an-gels
Com-in'for to car-ry me home! Jes' tell my fren's that
But still my soul feels

mp CHORUS

D.C.

com-in' af-ter me,
I'm a-com-in' too, Com-in for to car-ry me home.
heav-en-ly boun',

I've Got a Shoes

The musical score for "I've Got a Shoes" consists of five staves of music. The first four staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the fifth staff is in 3/4 time (indicated by a '3'). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some parts repeated or varied. The first staff starts with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff continues with eighth notes. The third staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes, with a 'REFRAIN' instruction above it. The fourth staff follows the same pattern. The fifth staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes, with a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction above it. The lyrics include: "I've got a shoes, you've got a shoes, All of God's chil-dren got a shoes, When I get to heav-en, goin'to put on my shoes, Goin'to walk all o-ver God's heav'n. Heav'n, heav'n, Ev'ry-body talk-in'bout heav'n ain't go-in'there, Heav'n heav'n, Goin'to shout all o-ver God's heav'n." The fifth staff concludes with the lyrics "Heav'n. Goin'to shout all o-ver God's heav'n." There are two endings: an "Ending for last stanza" and a "Repeat, pendosi".

2. I've got a robe,... Goin' to shout all over...
3. I've got a wings,... Goin' to fly all over...
4. I've got a crown,... Goin' to shout all over...

Sing Your Way Home

The musical score for "Sing Your Way Home" consists of three staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first staff starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The second staff starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The third staff starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some parts repeated or varied. The first staff starts with the lyrics "Sing your way home at the close of the day,". The second staff starts with the lyrics "Sing your way home, drive the shad-ows a-way. Smile ev'ry". The third staff starts with the lyrics "mile, for wher-ev-er you roam It will bright-en your road, It will light-en your load, If you sing your way home." The music includes chords indicated by Roman numerals: G, G, D7, D7, G, C, G, G.

Standing in the Need of Prayer

Arr. by Olive J. Williams

CHORUS *Humbly*

It's-a me, it's-a me, O, Lord, stand-ing in the need of
It's me

prayer. It's-a me, it's-a me, O, Lord, stand-ing in the need of
It's me

LEADER

prayer. 1. Not my broth-er, not my sis-ter, but-a me, O, Lord,

CHORUS

standing in the need of prayer. Not my broth-er, not my

LEADER

sis-ter, but-a me, O, Lord, stand-ing in the need of prayer.

2. Not my father, not my mother,...

3. Not my preacher, not my teacher,...

4. Not my deacon, not my elder,...

Note: The CHORUS may hum last chord of chorus while leader sings.

Nelly Bly

Stephen C. Foster

Arr. for Mixed Chorus
by Dan E. Vornholt

1 { Nel-ly Bly, Nel-ly Bly, Bring the broom a-long, Well,
 { Poke the wood my la-dy love and make the fire burn, And
2 { Nel-ly Bly shut her eye When she goes to sleep, And
 { When she walks she lifts her foot and then she puts it down, And

sweep the kitch-en clean my dear and have a lit-tle song. }
while I take my ban-jo down just give the mush a turn. }
when she wak-ens up a-gain her eyes be-gin to peep. }
when it lights, there's mu-sic there in that part of the town. }

CHORUS

Heigh! Nel-ly, Ho! Nel-ly, Listen, love, to me; I'll

sing for you, play for you A dul-cem mel-o-dy.

Oh! Susanna

S.C.F.

Stephen C. Foster

I came to Al-a-bam-a
Pwid my banjo on my knee, I'm
rained all night de day I left, De weath-er it was dry, De-

gwine to Lou'-si-an-a, Pmy true love for to see It-
sun so hot I froze to death, Su-san-na don't you

CHORUS

cry. Oh! Su-san-na, oh, don't you cry Pfor me, For I'm

gwine to Lou'-si-an-a Pwid Pmyban-jo on my knee.

FORMATION: Single circle, by partners, all facing the center.

ACTION: (1) Ladies walk four times to center, and back to place. (2) Men the same. (3) Grand right and left. Partners join right hands and pass each other by right shoulders, men moving counter-clockwise, ladies clockwise. Continue in the same direction, alternately taking left and right hands, weaving in and out. Counting original partner, as No. 1, each will take the seventh person he meets as his new partner. (4) On the chorus, each man gets a new partner, and joining hands in skating position, they promenade counter-clockwise. Come into a single circle at the end, and repeat as often as desired.

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

S. C. F.

Stephen C. Foster

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, borne, like a
I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed Far from the

va - por, on the summer air; I see her tripping where the
fond hearts 'round her native glade; Her smiles have vanish'd and her

bright streams play, Hap-py as the dai - sies that
sweet songs flown, Flit-ting like the dreams that have

dance on her way. Man-y were the wild notes her
cheered us and gone. Now the nod-ding wild flow'r's may

mer- ry voice would pour; Man-y were the blithe birds that
with- er on the shore While her gen-tle fin-gers will

Jeanie, continued

Solo

war-bled them o'er: Oh! I dream of Jea-nie with the
cull them no more: Oh! I sigh for Jea-nie with the

light brown hair; Floating, like a va-por, on the soft summer air.

Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party

In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone;
On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o-cean foam;
On my lips a whis-per trem-bled, Trem-bled til it dared to come;

And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing party I was see-ing Nel-lie

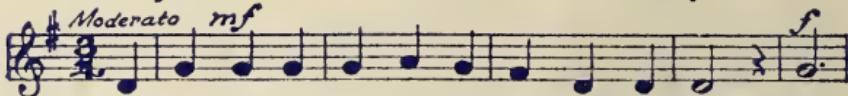
Fine D.S.
home. I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home,

Come to the Fair

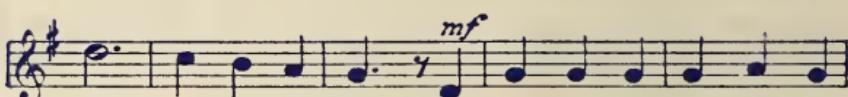
Helen Taylor

Moderato mf

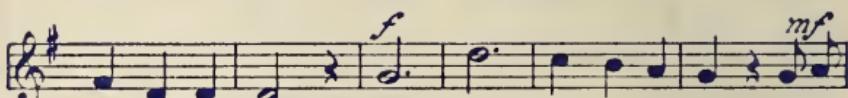
Easthope Martin

f

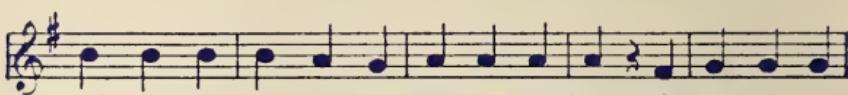
The sun is a-shin-ing to wel-come the day, Heigh-
The fid-dlers are play-ing the tune that you know, Heigh-



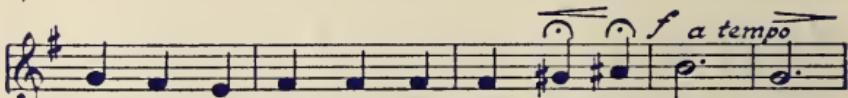
ho! Come to the fair! The folk are all sing-ing so
ho! Come to the fair! The drums are all beat-ing, a-



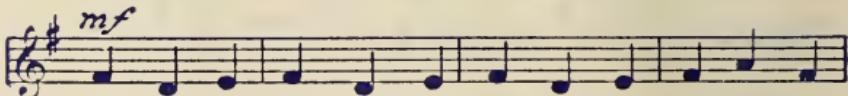
mer-ry and gay, Heigh-ho! Come to the fair! All the
way let us go, Heigh-ho! Come to the fair! There'll be



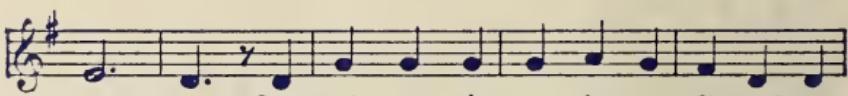
stalls on the green are as fine as can be, With trinkets and
rac-ing and chas-ing from morn-ing till night, And round-a-bouts



to - kens so pret-ty to see, So it's come, then,
turn-ing to left and to right; So it's come, then,



maid-ens and men, To the fair in the pride of the
maid-ens and men, To the fair in the pride of the



morn - ing. So deck yourselves out in your fin-est ar-
morn - ing. So lock up your house, there'll be plen-ty of



ray, With a Heigh-ho! Come to the fair!
fun, And Heigh-ho! Come to the fair!

Walking at Night

Czech Folk Song

Walking at night a-long the mead-ow way, Home from the dance be-
Near-ing the wood we heard the night-in-gale, Sweet-ly it help'd me
Man-y the stars that bright-ly shone a-bove, But none so bright as

side my maid-en gay. Walk-ing at night a-long the
tell my beg-ging tale. Near-ing the wood we heard the
her one word of love. Man - y the stars that bright-ly

mead-ow way, Home from the dance beside my maid-en gay. Hey!
night-in-gale, Sweet-ly it help'd me tell my beg-ging tale.
shone a-bove, But none so bright as her one word of love.

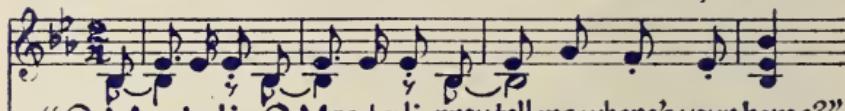
Sto-do-la,sto-do-la,sto-do-la pum-pa,sto-do-la pum-pa,sto-do-la pum-pa,

Sto-do-la,sto-do-la,sto-do-la pum-pa,sto-do-la pum-pa,pum,pum,pum.

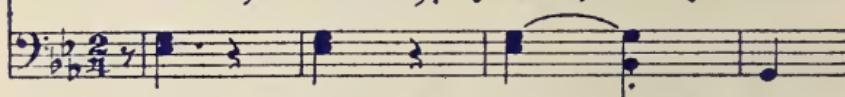
O Maeteli

(Known also as Vreneli)

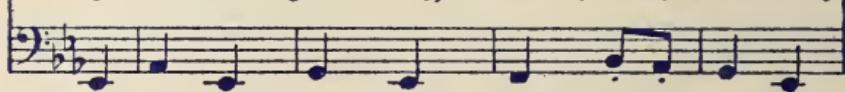
Swiss
Arr. by A. D. Z.



"O Mae-te-li, O Mae-te-li, pray tell me, where's your heart?"
 "O Mae-te-li, O Mae-te-li, pray tell me, where's your head?"



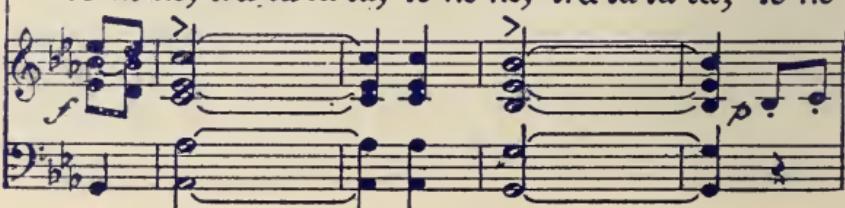
"My home, it is in Swit-zer-land, It's made of wood and stone; My
 "O that," she said, "I gave a-way, But still I feel it smart; O
 "My head I al-so gave a-way, It's with my heart," she said. "My



home it is in Swit-zer-land, It's made of wood and stone."
 that," she said, "I gave a-way, But still I feel it smart."
 head I al-so gave a-way, It's with my heart," she said.



Yo ho ho, tra la la la, Yo ho ho, tra la la la, Yo ho



O Maeteli - *continued*

Sheet music for the song "Yo Ho Ho". The music is in common time, key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line consists of two staves. The top staff features a melody with eighth-note patterns and lyrics: "ho, tra la la, Yo ho ho!", followed by "ho, tra la la la, Yo ho ho, tra la la". The bottom staff provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The lyrics continue in the second system: "la, Yo ho ho, tra la la la, Yo ho ho, tra la la la, Yo ho ho!". The music concludes with a final section of eighth-note chords.

Jacob's Ladder

A musical score for 'Jacob's Ladder' featuring three staves of music with lyrics. The first staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. It consists of eight measures, each ending with a vertical bar line. The lyrics are: 'We are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are'. The second staff begins with a measure starting with an 'A' note. It has six measures, ending with a vertical bar line. The lyrics are: 'climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are climb-ing'. The third staff begins with a measure starting with a 'G' note. It has five measures, ending with a vertical bar line. The lyrics are: 'Ja-cob's lad-der. Sol-diers of the cross.'

2—Every round goes higher, higher,
Every round goes higher, higher,
Every round goes higher, higher
Soldiers of the cross.

3—Sinner, do you love my Jesus?

4—If you love Him, why not serve Him?

5—We are climbing higher, higher . . .

Home on the Range

Oh, give me a home where the buf-fa-lo roam, Where the
 deer and the an-te-lope play, Where sel-dom is heard a dis-
 cour-ag-ing word, And the skies are not cloud-y all day.

Home, home on the range, Where the
 deer and the an-te-lope play, Where sel-dom is heard a dis-
 cour-ag-ing word, And the skies are not cloud-y all day.

2. How often at night, when the heavens are bright
 With the light from the glittering stars,
 Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,
 If their glory exceeds that of ours.

3. Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free,
 And the breezes so balmy and light,
 That I would not exchange my home on the range
 For all of the cities so bright.

Chairs to Mend

Round

1. Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, Mack-er-el, fresh
 2. mack-er-el, Any old rags, Any old rags?

3.

Old Smoky

Moderately fast; lightly

American Folk Song

On top of old Smo-ky, all cov-ered with snow,

lost my true lov - er by court-ing too slow.

2. A courting is pleasure and a parting is grief,
But a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.
3. A thief will but rob you of all that you save,
But a false-hearted lover will send you to grave.
4. Your grave will decay you and turn you to dust;
Not a boy in ten thousand a poor girl can trust.
5. It's raining, it's hailing, the moon gives no light;
My horses can't travel this dark road tonight.
6. Go put up your horses and give them some hay,
And sit down beside me as long as you stay.
7. My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay;
I'm headed for Georgia, I'll be on my way.
8. I'll go to Old Smoky, the mountains so high,
Where the wild birds and turtle doves can hear my sad cry.

Recorded by Greta Biddle Kaylor in Knox Co., Tenn.

Band of Brothers

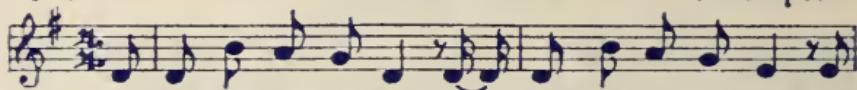
As a band of broth-ers joined, one in heart and

one in mind, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.

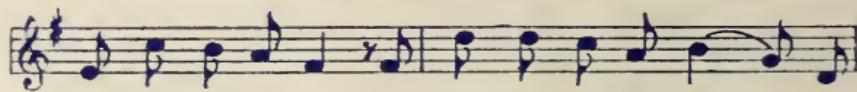
Jingle, Bells

J. P.

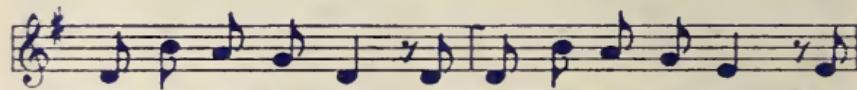
J. Pierpont



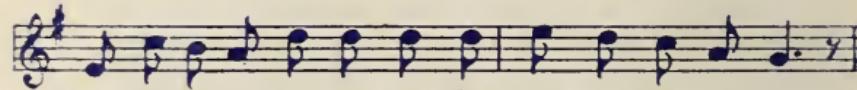
Dash-ing thru the snow In a one-horse o.pen sleigh -
A day or two a-go I thought I'd take a ride, And
Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young,-



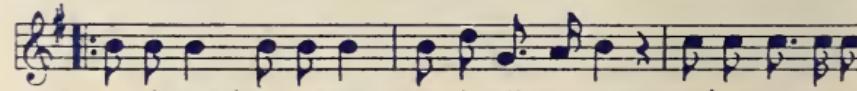
O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way;—
soon Miss Fan-ny Bright Was seat-ed by my side;— The
Take the girls to-night And sing the sleigh-ing song;— Just



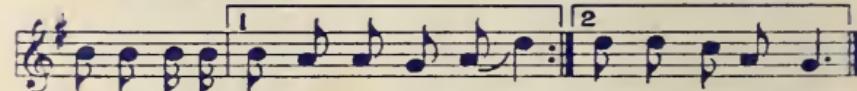
Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spir-it's bright, What
horse was lean and lank, Mis-fortune seem'd his lot, He
get a bob-tailed nag, Two-for-ty for his speed, Then



fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night!
got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.
hitch him to an o-pen sleigh! And crack! You'll take the lead.



Jin-gle,bells! Jin-gle,bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh,what fun it is



to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!— one-horse o-pen sleigh!

COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
when she comes,

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
when she comes,

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,
She'll be comin' 'round the
mountain when she comes.

2. She'll be drivin' six white horses . . .
3. She'll be loaded with bright angels . . .
4. She will neither rock nor totter . . .
5. She will run so level and steady . . .
6. She will take us to the portals . . .

Down in the Valley

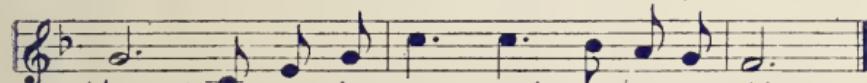
American Folk Song



Down in the val-ley; the val-ley so low, Hang your head
Ro-ses love sun-shine, vio-lets love dew, An-gels in
Build me a cas-tle, for-ty feet high, So I can



o-ver, hear the wind blow. Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind
heav-en knows I love you; Knows I love you, dear, knows I love
see him as he rides by; As he rides by, dear; As he rides



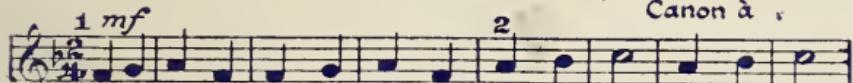
blow. Hang your head o-ver, hear the wind blow.
you, An-gels in heav-en knows I love you.
by; So I can see him as he rides by.

If you don't love me, love whom you please,
Throw your arm around me, give my heart ease.
Give my heart ease, dear, give my heart ease;
Throw your arm around me, give my heart ease.

Write me a letter containing these lines,
Answer my question, will you be mine?
Will you be mine dear, will you be mine?
Answer my question, will you be mine?

Frère Jacques

Canon à 4



Frè-rejac-qués, Frè-rejac-qués, Dor-mez-vous? Dor-mez-vous?



Son-nez les ma-ti-nes, Ding, din, don! Ding, din, don!

Are You Sleeping?

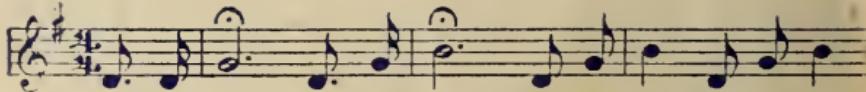
Round



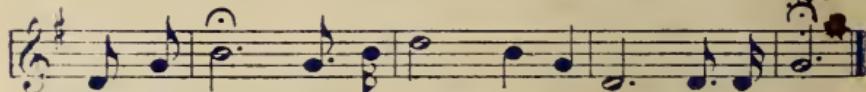
Are you sleeping? Brother John, Morning bells are ringing, Ding, ding, dong!

Day Is Done

TAPS



Day is done, Gone the sun, From the lake, From the hills,
Fad-ing light Dims the sight, And a star Gems the sky,



From the sky; All is well, Safe-ly rest, God is nigh.
Gleam-ing bright. From a-far, Draw-ing nigh, Falls the night.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the Old Mill Stream, where I first met you
With your eyes of blue, dressed in gingham too;
It was there I knew, that you loved me true;
You were sixteen, my village queen,
Down by the Old Mill Stream.

CAMPTOWN RACES

Stephen C. Foster, 1850

De camptown ladies sing dis song, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
De camptown race track five miles long, Oh! Doodah, day!
I come down dah wid my hat caved in, doo-dah! doo-dah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin, Oh! doo-dah, day.

CHORUS:

Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay!

Old muley cow come onto de track, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
De bobtail fling her ober his back, Oh! Doo-dah, day!
Den fly along like a railroad car, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star, Oh! Doo-dah day! (Cho.).